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The Wainwright Star

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VOLUME XXV., No. 3 THE STAR, WAINWRIGHT, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15th., 1933 Price $2.00 Per Year in Advance

Wainwright Town Council Minutes

Council met in regular session in the Council Chamber on Tuesday evening of last week.

The members of Council present at this meeting were Mayor Forster and Councillors Coursier, Billing, Welch and Adams.

The recorded proceedings of Council at its regular meeting of October 19th., 1933, were read and, on motion, were adopted and confirmed as written.

Mr. W. R. Howson, Provincial Liberal Leader, wrote inquiring the disposition of Council on the proper division of taxes as between the Province and municipality and as to a revision of the system of taxation with a view of a fairer distribution on the people of the Province tending to a possible reduction of the burden.

On motion, the Secretary-Treasurer was authorized to collect and forward the necessary information.

Communications were presented from Mr. Bud Zimmerman and Mr. C. F. Bewscher, relative to property forfeited for taxes and, on motion, the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to reply to these communications.

The Department of Old Age Pensions for the Province of Alberta wrote with further reference to the application of Mrs. Carrie E. Andrews for Old Age Pension and, on motion, the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to reply thereto.

Royal Alexandria Hospital wrote with further reference to their account against Mrs. Elizabeth Bell for hospital treatment, and, after supervising the correspondence from the Secretary-Treasurer's office with the hospital, on motion, the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to acknowledge and file the communication.

The following report was submitted by the Finance Committee.

We have examined the following accounts and, finding them correct, recommend payment thereof in the total of $3,049.03.

W. J. McBeth, labor	$17.25
J. Fotheringham, labor	7.00
Wain. Gas Co., account	17.28
J. Wright, labor	4.75
Wain. Mun. Hosp., acct pd. by J. Fralick	13.00
Wain. Mun. Hosp., acct. part paid by Roy Carl	3.75
J. A. MacKenzie, balance retaining fee	50.00
Alta. Govt. 'Phones, acct.	8.99
Can. Nat. Rlys., freight re Fire Department	3.37
B. of M., deb. payment	151.40
B. of M., deb. payment	546.42
Wain. S.D., on acct. 1933 requisition	1500.00
Dr. H. C. Wallace, on acct.	100.00
W. T. Brunker, adjustment tax discount	10.00
Calgary Power Co. Ltd., acct	161.20
Fred Sheffield, scavenging	125.00
Harley Renville, salary	100.00
N. S. Kenny, salary	125.00
W. J. McBeth, labor	8.00
Fire Brigade, McCrystall fire	10.00
Fred Ganderton, policing	2.00
J. Duncan, ditto	2.00
J. Wright, ditto	2.00
O. R. Hannah, account	1.85
T. Billing, charity meals	4.40
Hero Cafe, ditto	20.20
Empress Cafe, ditto	14.00
Fred Sheffield, grading streets	15.05
Wain. Pharm. Ltd., acct.	7.05
Harold Brunker, acct.	7.45
W. H. Lyle, acct.	6.75

On motion, the report of the Finance Committee was accepted and incorporated in the proceedings of the meeting and the Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer were authorized to issue cheques in payment of all accounts included in the report in a total of $3,049.03.

On motion, the Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer were authorized to transfer Lots 1 to 6 and 18 to 20 all inclusive in Block 33 Plan 6445 V to the Wainwright Roman Catholic Separate School District Number 31, attaching the Corporate Seal of the Town of Wainwright thereto, attested by the signatures of the said Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer as the proper officers in that behalf.

The Finance Committee submitted the financial statement of their auditors, Messrs. Patriquin & Johnston, covering the period intervening between January 1st and August 31st., 1933 and, on motion, the statement was accepted and ordered filed.

Messrs. Tory and Lee submitted a written proposal for the enlarging and conducting of an open air rink in the Town of Wainwright in the season 1933-34 and, on motion, the proposal, with specified alterations, was accepted.

The matter of an adequate gas supply was introduced and discussed in Council, and, on motion, the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to communicate with the Public Utilities Commission, outlining the request made by Mr. Campbell of the Wainwright Gas Company Limited and seeking certain information for Council.

On motion, Council was regularly adjourned.

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Rebekah Lodge Entertain For Miss L. Prosser

The members of the local branch of Adeline Rebekah Lodge gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sawers last Thursday evening, when a social evening was held in honor of Miss Lulu Prosser, who is leaving shortly for Edmonton.

The evening was spent in playing whist, the winners being Miss O. Wheeler and Mr. W. Adams.

A lovely lunch was served immediately following cards, much hilarity being provided by a certain member of the party. During the lunch hour, Miss E. Love presented the departing member with a Rebekah ring, expressing the hope that it would ever remind the recipient of the Lodge she was leaving.

Miss Prosser fittingly thanked the members for the lovely gift and their best wishes for her future happiness.

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Wainwright Agricultural Society Annual Party

The Wainwright Agricultural Society held their annual card party and dance in the Elite Theatre Friday evening, November 10th., when a capacity crowd was in attendance.

During the course of cards the lucky numbers were drawn by the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wiley, when she drew the table of her mother, Mrs. S. E. Wiley, winning the cake, and Mr. P. Smale, the quarter of beef.

The prize winners were: Ladies 1st., Miss E. Perkins; 2nd., Mrs. W. Knowles; consolation, Mrs. F. Redgewell. Gents 1st., Mr. W. Seguin; 2nd., Mr. A. Muddle; consolation, Mr. A. Dupre.

After the supper dancing was started, there being such a large crowd that it was almost impossible for one to get around the floor. Music was supplied by "Mildred's Melody Makers" which was certainly a credit to our small town. The orchestra and dancers were given the pleasure of having Mr. M. Pawling at the drums during the evening. Mr. Pawling formerly played in the Graydon Tipps orchestra, Edmonton.

The affair was a wonderful success and it is to be regretted that affairs such as these are not more frequent.

BYRD SETS OUT FOR SOUTH POLE



Richard Byrd, embarked October 21 on his ship the "Jacob Ruppert" for the South Pole. We see the ship leaving the dock at Newport.

WAINWRIGHT CONSTITUENCY MEETS

Mr. A. M. Matheson, member for Vegreville and Mr. Omer St. Germain, member for St. Albert, together with Mr. J. B. Love, our local member, are holding a series of meetings in the Wainwright Constituency commencing on Monday, November 20th. The itinerary is as follows:

Edgerton—Monday, Nov. 20th., at 2 p.m.

Rosedale Hall—Monday, Nov. 20, 8 p.m.

Ribstone—Tuesday, Nov. 21st. at 2 p.m.

Crescent Hill School—Tuesday, Nov. 21st., at 8 p.m.

Irma—Wednesday, Nov. 22nd., at 2 p.m.

Jarrow—Wednesday, Nov. 22nd., at 8 p.m.

Wainwright—Friday, Nov. 24th., at 2 p.m.

Fabyan—Friday, Nov. 24th., at 8 p.m.

Chauvin—Saturday, Nov. 25th., at 2 p.m.

Heath—Saturday, Nov. 25th., at 8 p.m.

Mr. A. M. Matheson will be present at the meetings on the 20th, 21st and 22nd, while Mr. St. Germain will speak in French at the meetings on the 24th and 25th.

In addition to speeches on provincial affairs and present day problems, a program of entertainment has been arranged for each meeting that will interest every member of the family. Come and join in a good old sing-song and see the first moving picture of one phase of the C.C.F. in actual operation. Mr. Love carries with him a battery moving picture machine that can be used at all meetings. Come and enjoy a real good program that will be both entertaining and educational.

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REPLICA OF TOTEM POLE CARVED BY SCOUTS

A full-sized replica of a Pacific Coast Indian totem pole, carved by Ottawa Boy Scouts, has been erected on the lawn at Dominion Boy Scout Headquarters, Ottawa. Authorities of the Victoria Memorial Museum were much interested in the project.

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PLAXTOL SCHOOL OCTOBER REPORT

Grade IX.—Hugh Kelly, 92.

Grade VIII.—Doris Fletcher, 87; Margaret Golding, 83; Peter Gidora, 82; Edna Ford, 75; Maurice Bamelis, 57.

Grade VI.—Violet Gidora, 98; Tommy Kelly, 90; Ernest Brink, 54.

Grade V.—Cecil Fletcher, 75; Raymond Hill, 61; John Ford, 48.

Grade III.—Olga Gidora, 91; Margaret Hill, 87; Mildred Bamelis, 67.

Grade II.—Jimmie Veitch, 90; Susie Ford, 86; Clifford Fletcher, 85; Gordon Woods, 69.

Mrs. M. P. VEITCH.

Farewell Party Given Mr. & Mrs. A. Horne

Miss Beatrice McKay entertained at a surprise party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. Horne, at their home on Thursday evening last, before their departure for Edmonton, where they will reside in the future.

The guests met at the home of Mrs. J. W. Stuart before proceeding to the Horne residence.

The evening was pleasantly spent in bridge and later a bounteous lunch was served, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Horne were presented with a small token of remembrance from "the Gang". The guests of honor fittingly thanked them and expressed their regret at having to leave their many friends.

The guests included Misses B. McKay, Evelyn Kemp, Y. Bisson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ott, Messrs. J. Mitchell, Harvey Beveridge, D. Horne and H. Leroux.

Social Gatherings Mr., Mrs. Horne

Leave Today To Make Home In Edmonton

On Sunday evening last, a farewell dinner was held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Leroux in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Horne, who are leaving the Wainwright district to make their home in the city.

For a number of years Mr. Horne has been connected with the Wainwright Star in the capacity of mechanical superintendent but is now leaving the town and will continue in the printing business in Edmonton with the Great Western Press.

Miss L. Prosser, who also is leaving Wainwright to work with the Great Western Press, was also present at the dinner.

Later in the evening, a farewell party under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League, in honor of Mrs. Horne, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Michon.

A large gathering was present, composed of members of the League and their husbands and friends and presentation was made to Mrs. Horne consisting of a wool blanket and a pair of blanket sheets.

An impromptu programme was held and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all present. Apart from the reply to the presentation by Mrs. Horne, the highlight of the evening was a novelty dance and song by Mr. Jos. Welch.

Music for the evening was supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Leo. O'Reilly.

oOo

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE HOLD REGULAR MEET

The Wainwright Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. O. Michon, with an attendance of fourteen members and four guests. The roll-call was answered with a gift for the Sunshine Club.

Mrs. A. Horne, who is leaving to make her home in Edmonton, was presented with a small gift, and all joined in wishing her every happiness in her new home.

Our new member was enrolled.

Tea was served by Mrs. Michon and Mrs. A. Horne.

Wainwright School Board Meet In Regular Session

The regular meeting of the School Board was held November 6th. All members were present.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were adopted as read, on motion of Trustee O. Hannah.

In reply to a question from the Board, the Department advised that students who have reached the full age of 21 years are not entitled to free tuition.

Moved by Trustee Hannah—That acting on authority of the Department, this board make a ruling that all students of 21 years of age or over be required to pay tuition fees for Grade XII.—$40.00 for the full course or $5.00 per subject.—Carried

The Finance Committee reported the following accounts, with recommendation for payment:

Staff salaries	$980.00
Caretaker (J. E. Wilkins)	90.00
G. T. Steel, sal. & stamps	12.00
Calgary Power Co.	7.20
Wainwright Gas Co.	56.01
Standard Pharmacy	5.60
E. L. Cork, medals and engraving	24.75
M. B. McLeod	2.00
Wainwright Star, printing	8.25
F. E. Osborne Co.	15.80
Moyer & Co.	123.12
Fotheringham T.	2.70
Washburn W. E.	40.70
Telephone	4.25

Moved by Trustee Hannah—That report of Finance Committee be accepted and cheques issued for the several amounts.—Carried.

Moved by Trustee Washburn—That Mr. Thoreson be authorised to purchase chemical supplies to the extent of $25.00 and that Mr. O. Murray be engaged to instruct class in Chemistry II. for school year 1933-34 and that he be given a special salary allowance of $75.00 for their instruction.—Carried.

Mr. Thoreson reported an attendance of 97 in High School and 210 in Public School for October.

Moved by Trustee Hannah—That report of Principal for October be accepted and filed.—Carried.

Moved by Trustee Prosser—That report of Attendance Officer for October be accepted and filed and a copy sent to the Department for record.—Carried.

As this concluded the business the meeting was then adjourned.

Town Band Plan Concert, Dance

Christmas is coming, and the Wainwright Band Boys wish to announce that they are now planning their second annual concert and dance, the entire net proceeds of which will be handed over to the local Women's Institute for the Welfare Fund. This Fund, as last year, will be judiciously used for supplying as far as possible, the lacking necessities of those whom, through the stress of time, are not otherwise provided for, especially the kiddies. Children and Santa Claus—does not the two combined conjure up wonderful pictures of happiness and joy? But kiddies and no Santa Claus—what then? For answer, just imagine such hapless youngsters.

Now in drawing your attention to this year's concert, which will be held Monday, December 11th., the Band is mindful of the generous support given last year by patrons, assisting artists and all who helped in any degree whatever, and again pleads the whole-hearted help of the community, in this year's effort so that the Women's Institute policy of assisting the less fortunate will not be curtailed for lack of funds. Please remember the date, December 11th., and help the cause.

oOo

Miss Grace Welch visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Welch, over the week-end.

HI-SCHOOL HI-LIGHTS

Well, here it is Wednesday again and I'm sorry to say we haven't very many Hi-Lights this week. The editors have been working during the holidays on the paper. We have been compiling it and we believe we are going to have a snappy paper. We, of course, need more contributions. Send them in today or tomorrow in order that we may get them on time for the press.

Come on and give us a little support. We hate to ask for your support all the time but we must have more of it to have a successful paper.

I hope you will excuse the shortness of this week's Hi-Lights. Thank you.

Editor-in-chief

—wha—

Teacher: Wally, could you tell me something of importance which did not exist 50 years ago?

Wally: Me.

"Walk this way, please," said a very bow-legged draper's assistant to an old lady.

"Why bless me, man," replied the old lady, "I couldn't walk that way if you were to give me the whole store."

—wha—

Tramp: Tell yer ladyship, I ain't comin' to dinner tonight.

Footman. But you're not invited.

Tramp: That's why I'm not comin'.

Please send in something for the paper today, or as soon as possible.

—wha—

Burglar (to partner who has just knocked over flower pot): That's right, Bill. Deafen 'em so's they won't hear us.

—wha—

Diner: Hey waiter, is this the steak I ordered?

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Diner: Well, I'm blessed. I thought it was a crack in the plate.

—wha—

Talkative Barber: And what would you like on your head, sir?

Phil: My hat, as soon as you can manage it.

Elephant Trainer: Hey! Get away fro mthat elephant.

Gilbert: Garn, I ain't hurting him.

—wha—

Vernon: Do you know that my father has George Washington's watch?

Maurice: That's nothing. My father has Adam's apple.

—wha—

Leona: I was troubled with rheumatism in school today.

Jessie: Surely that's most unusual in a healthy lass like you.

Leona: I don't mean I had it. I had to spell it.

Wedding Bells

MARSHALL—SPENCER

A quiet wedding took place at the United Church Parsonage, Thursday afternoon, November 9th., when Miss Alice Spencer, nurse at the Royal Alex. hospital, and Mr. Charles Robert Marshall, both of Ribstone, were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony.

Witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marshall, brother and sister of the bride and groom. The newly-weds will reside on their farm near Ribstone.

STRAUSS—HETTLER

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at Wainwright on Monday, November 30th., when Miss Elizabeth Hettler became the bride of Mr. Norman Strauss.

Mr. and Mrs. Strauss were former residents of the Youngstown district, but previous to their marriage they had both moved into this district, Mrs. Strauss settling at Irma and Mr. Strauss at Fabyan.

They will reside on their farm at Fabyan.

The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Linus Meyer, of Irma.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father J. E. McGrane of Wainwright.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH

On Saturday morning, November 11th., at 8 a.m., an Armistice Memorial service was held in the church. Several returned men, resplendent in their medals, were present at this service. Holy Communion was celebrated by the vicar and the names of the Fallen were read in commemoration.

At 10.30 the Vicar was at Chauvin for the Armistice service which he was asked to take. Brownies, Girl Guides, Scouts, returned man, Squadron of Alberta Mounted Rifles, with their officers, Rev. Hutchison, and Rev. C. N. Bateman, were all in the procession which marched from the Barracks to the Odd Fellow's Hall where the service was held. The full choral Anglican service was used, with Mrs. Reeves at the piano. Kipling's Recessional was very beautifully sung by Mrs. Reeves and Major Cubit. Mrs. Reeves sang the Descant. Mr. Saul sang very nicely 'O Valiant Hearts'. The lessons were read by the Rev. Hutchison. The 250 people present were very attentive during the address when the Rev. Bateman, R.D., preached on the Theme of Armistice, his subject being, "The Challenge of Remembrance". The usual ceremonial of depositing wreaths, and Last Post were most impressive.

Rev. and Mrs. Bateman were the guests of Major and Mrs. Pitman, of Chauvin, and before lunch baptized the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Blanchard. The baby received the name of Lilian Olive, and the god-parents were Major Pitman, Miss Lilian Pitman and Mrs. C. N. Bateman.

On Sunday morning a good congregation was present for the Choral Communion, when the Vicar spoke briefly on the Unity of the Human Race as exemplified in the Grave of the Unknown Soldier.

In the evening the usual Poppy Service was held with a good congregation present. Returned men were in seats reserved for them. Special hymns, lessons and prayers were read. The church was appropriately decorated with flags and poppies. One feature deserving of mention being the Scroll over the Chancel screen bearing the words: "Sleep Comrades Sleep". This was the work of Mr. Tom Lissimore and was much appreciated by the congregation. The Vicar, preaching from Micah, Chapter 4, verse 3, drew his address to a close by using the words of the scroll as our answer to the Challenge of

"If ye break faith with us
We shall not sleep
Though Poppies grow in
Flanders Fields."

The Last Post was sounded by Mr. Frank McLeod. The singing of the National Anthem brought the service to a close.

THE TROPHIES OF WATERLOO



The decorations of Napoleon, as they appear in the museum of the German Army at Berlin. They have been hidden away since 1918. During the war fear was felt for their safety.

Seek Advice

Know that thou art not fit to be thine own counsellor, and therefore shouldst fear and be diffident of thine own opinions as proceeding from a source that is marred and corrupt. Under this conviction thou wilt, as far as it is possible, always take counsel of some wise and conscientious person, and prefer rather to be led by one better than thyself than to follow thine own devices.—Pope Leo XIII.

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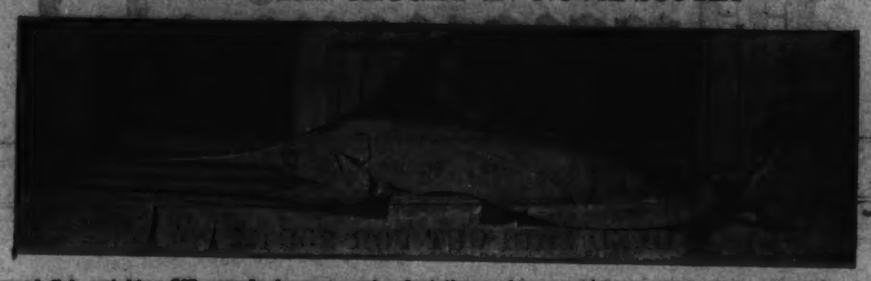
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All changes for Contract advertisements will be inserted till forbid and charged for accordingly.

Accounts rendered monthly

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15th., 1933

SWORD FISH CAUGHT IN NOVA SCOTIA



A sword fish weighing 500 pounds and measuring 16 feet was captured by some of a dart thrown by one of the employees of the Maritime Fish Corporation, Canso, Nova Scotia.

In The Kitchen With Molly McGavin

Make your vegetable dish a dainty dish. Even the common, inexpensive vegetable lends itself to delicious surprises when properly prepared. A dash of sugar lends to bring out the real flavor and adds quick-energy value as well.

Glazed Onions

10 medium sized onions
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter

Peel the onions and cook whole until fairly tender in salted boiling water, from twenty to thirty minutes. Mix the sugar and butter together and spread over the sides and bottom of a baking dish or pan. Drain the onions and place them in the pan. Bake in a moderate oven until brown, increasing the heat toward the last. Water cooks out of the onions, and the browning process is rather slow. When finished, the onions should have a rich brown glaze.

Quick Cabbage

1½ quarts shredded cabbage
3 cups milk
1 cup cream or rich milk
2½ tablespoons butter
2½ tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons sugar
Salt and pepper

Cook the cabbage for two minutes in the three cups of hot milk. Add the cup of cream or rich milk, the blended butter and flour, sugar, salt and pepper. Cook rapidly for three or four minutes. The result is a crisp vegetable, delicate in flavor and color.

Simmons College Peach Ice Cream

4 tablets for junket
2 quarts milk
1 pint cream
1 cupful sugar
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla
3 cups crushed, sweetened peaches

Warm milk and cream slightly, add sugar and vanilla. Dissolve tablet for junket in one tablespoon cold water, stir into milk mixture quickly, pour into freezer can and let stand until firm and cool. Place can in freezer, pack with ice and salt and freeze to thick mush. Add the crushed, sweetened peaches. Finish freezing. Save part of peaches to serve on top.

Orange Sauce for Ham
(Serves 6)

1 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup orange marmalade
2 teaspoons prepared mustard

Cook juice and cornstarch until thickened. Add marmalade and mustard. Serve hot or cold on ham.

Picnic Salad
(Serves 6)

3 cups orange pieces
3 deviled eggs
Lettuce
Stuffed olives

On lettuce-covered salad plates arrange mounds of orange pieces. Into each mound place half of a deviled egg which has been sliced lengthwise. Cut side should be up. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives. Serve with mayonnaise in lettuce cup at side of plate.

Coconut Apricot Fluff

2 cups cooked apricots
½ cup powdered sugar
½ cup cream, whipped
½ can shredded coconut, moist

Force apricots through sieve. Add sugar; fold in cream and ½ can coconut. Chill. Sprinkle with ½ can coconut. Serves 6.

oOo

SLAT'S DIARY



Friday—Pa says that sence Curlie Stagg went and got his self marryed it issent no trubble a tall to get Curlie to stay and wirk a cupple hrs. Over time in the evnings.

Saterday—well this is a bad rainey nite and we are all setting at home doing thissen that. I have not intirely made up my mind weather to go & take a Bath or just be comfable. Ant Emmy says she cant see much Use in going to college becuz Phin Wamble got a Batchelers Degree and two munths later he went and got marryed.

Sunday—well after staying for chirch and hearing Effy Swabbelhemmer sing a cupple solos it was kind of a treat to get home and put a few old reckords on the old Vicktrola. Even ma enjoyed it very very heartily.

Munday—Pa says it looks like Posperrity is comeing fast becuz he sed he knew of several familys witch is paying munthlie installments on four artickles now in stead of oney 1 or Two like six muths ago.

Teusday—Mrs. Tagmartin cum up this evning to tawk to ma and pa includeing Ant Emmy becuz she is starting for Yurop in about a weak or 2. She says she is crazy to get to Vennice and hear them play on there Gondolas and if it dussent cost to mustch she is a going to have sum buddy lern to play one.

Wensday—The teecher ast Jake whut a idiom was and he sed it was a Person who shud ought to be in a Azilum or a sannatarium or sum place like that.

Thirsday—Hilton Schmatt got a rested today. It seams that he went and marryed a woman last weak and fergot to get a devorce frum his uther wife. He was very very sweet about it and sed he gess it was quite a quincidence and now he is willing to call both of them off.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS AND CLAIMANTS

In the estate of George Elliott Harper, late of Wainwright, Alberta, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the above named George Elliott Harper who died on the 27th day of August A.D. 1933, are required to file with National Trust Company Limited 10072 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Administrator of the said estate, by the 30th day of December, A.D. 1933, a full statement duly verified of their claims and of any securities held by them, and after that date the Administrator will distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice has been so filed or which have been brought to its knowledge.

Dated this eighth day of November A.D. 1933.

NATIONAL TRUST CO. LTD.
Administrator of the Estate of George E. Harper, Deceased, Edmonton, Alberta. By its Solicitor, J. A. Mackenzie, Wainwright, Alberta. 19-11

TRUE CHARITY

"Those who know the road to the poor man's house, whose feet have trod the dust upon his stairs, never knock at his door without a sentiment of respect. They know that in accepting bread from their hands as he takes light from God, the poor man honours them. They know that the theatre and every place of amusement can be paid for, but that nothing in this world can pay for two years of joy in the eyes of a poor mother."—Frederick Ozanam.

oOo

Here and There

The Royal Scot, famous British flyer, will soon again be in Montreal prior to dismantling and shipping from that city to Great Britain. This great train has been travelling through the West of Canada subsequent to being one of the major exhibits at the Chicago World Fair.

The vehicle of the future will be an automobile that can also take off into the air, or an airplane that can land and travel along the highways, a speaker addressing the Society of Automobile Engineers told his audience at the Royal York, Toronto, recently.

Canadian scenery dwarfs that of Scotland, a lake in the Gatineau Valley was more magnificent than Loch Lomond while Lake Louise in the Rockies was to him almost a celestial vision, according to Lord Macmillan, chairman of the Royal Commission on Banking, expressed just prior to sailing on the Empress of Britain for England.

Informal discussion on closer working relations between the Canadian railways and aviation companies of the Dominion are in progress. With Canada lying on the most direct route between Europe and the Orient, this country is in a unique position to take care of a large proportion of the traffic now moving between Europe and the East.

Constituting what is regarded as the finest collection of mounted square-tailed speckled trout ever assembled from the same locality in a single season, seventeen fine specimens of this variety and one rainbow trout were entered in the Nipigon River Camp Guides mounted trout contest recently judged and prizes awarded by the Tourist Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A Christmas and New Year's cruise to the Caribbean and a round the world cruise later by the same ship, the Empress of Britain; a Mediterranean cruise by the Empress of Australia; two Duchess of Bedford cruises to the West Indies and twenty trans-Atlantic sailings from Canadian ports are scheduled for Canadian Pacific liners for this winter season.

The second reunion of all pilots and observers who had commissions and wings before November 11, 1918, will be held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, on Armistice Day. First reunion was held April, 1932, when 326 wartime flyers from a number of countries attended. The second reunion is expected to be one of the most brilliant functions ever held at the palatial Canadian Pacific hotel.

Wide-spread interest in John Murray Gibbon's book, "The Magic of Melody," is again illustrated by the gramo-poem contest conducted by the "Gramophone" and "Everyman", London publications. Empire-wide response to this contest resulted in an Overseas prize being awarded to Miss Gladys Kippen of Toronto, for a poem, written to the music of the Sonata Pathetique.

The Demand of Life

God puts Himself at our beck and call. "Ask and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." He is ready and anxious to comply with our slightest wish, and it is only when we ask for foolish things that God wisely turns aside. God is infinitely rich and can bestow every good. We are not, and our means are limited. But we have plenty to give, and if we can say to our fellow-creatures what God has said to us—"Ask and you shall receive" and heed the calls which come to us in various ways, we shall see God in every demand which is made upon us. Time will be spared and work will be done—even comforts will be sacrificed and necessities shared. The importunities of others will remind us of God.

oOo

KAMLOOPS, B.C.—An unusual sight was witnessed in Kamloops recently that might not come again in a long while. This was 26 wapiti (elk) on their way to Adams Lake. These were to be seen in a box car at the Canadian National Railways freight sheds, 20 females and six males. They were enroute from Wainwright Park, Alta., and will be taken to the south side of Adams Lake and then freighted across on a scow to the north side, where they will be released. Away from all manner of traffic and interference the animals are expected to settle down and make this region their

NOTICE

The W.I. will hold a card party in the Masonic Hall, November 15th.

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Because of a unique process in manufacture, Aspirin Tablets are made to disintegrate—or dissolve—INSTANTLY you take them. Thus they start to work *instantly*. Start "taking hold" of even a severe headache, neuralgia, neuritis or rheumatic pain a few minutes after taking.

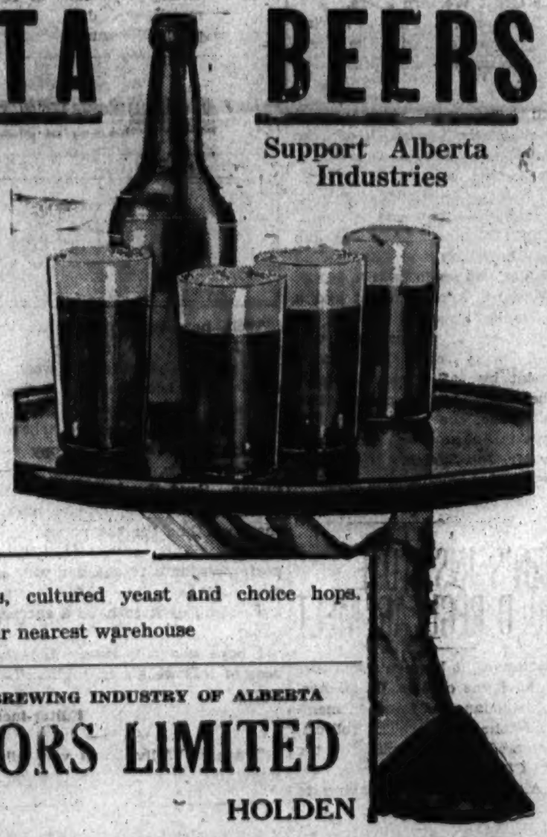
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Winter Excursions to Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster are unusually economical this year.

Tickets on Sale November 15, 1933, to February 28, 1934. Final Return Limit, April 30, 1934.

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Special Low Fares from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City and certain other points.

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8 a.m.—Holy Communion each Sunday.
11 a.m.—Choral Communion, alternate Sundays.
10 a.m.—Sunday School.
7:30 p.m.—Evening Prayer.
Baptisms, Weddings and Funerals by Arrangement with Chas. N. Fairman (vicar).

Blessed Sacrament Church

Rev. Hugo Doyle, P.P.
Rev. J. McGrane, asst.

9 a.m.—Fabyan.
11 a.m.—Irma.
9 a.m.—Gilt Edge.
11 a.m.—Wainwright.

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Regular Gospel service each Sunday at 3 p.m.
Lively Young People's service every Friday at 8 p.m.

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Rev T. Edgar Armstrong, B.A., B.D.
Minister

10:30 a.m.—Sunday School.
11:30 a.m.—Public worship.
7:30 p.m.—Public worship.
First Sunday—
3:30 p.m.—Grangedale.
Third Sunday—
3:30 p.m.—Mascot.
Second and Fourth Sundays—
10:00 a.m.—Fabyan.
3:00 p.m.—Greenshields.

Malachi tells of a Book of Remembrance being written before him for them that feared Jehovah and that thought upon His name. If you have written one, you will have listed Armistice Day as worthy of Remembrance. How shall we fittingly observe it! Let us pay tribute to the great traditions of noble service and today endeavor to create the spirit of international goodwill. The only kind of a warless world is a world in which the Christian spirit prevails.

Presbyterian Church
WAINWRIGHT ALBERTA
Rev. W. S. Brooker, Minister

Regular preaching service every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock also in the evening at 7:30. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M.
12:15—Sunday School Classes, for all ages.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

THE AFFAIR OF THE TICKETS

Page shook his head regretfully, as he pushed aside the account book he had been studying.

"No, it simply can't be done," he announced with decision. "We've been going it a little too strong as it is. You see, our winter outfit figured up more than we expected; then that little dinner set us back quite a bit. There would be no sense getting in deeper for so trivial a thing as this."

Aileen sat on the other side of the table, her elbows on its smooth surface, her dimpled chin in her hands, and watched her nice, new husband. When he delivered his ultimatum, her heart sank with a sickening thud down to to her high-heeled, satin slippers, but this curious fact was not registered in her piquant face nor in her adoring blue eyes. Page looked across at her with a shade of anxiety, but she met his glance bravely and actually produced a smile from somewhere.

"Oh, well," she answered lightly, "we'll go to a good movie that night instead, and forget all about it."

She jumped up as she spoke and ran around to where she sat drumming on the table with a pencil. She had doubts about the lasting quality of the smile she had conjured up for his consolation, and she felt safer perched on his chair with her cheek against his crisp, dark, curly hair. He could not look at her there with his keen, lawyer gaze, and with a little judicious petting she might change the subject.

But even while she ruffled Page's hair with her slim fingers, she was conscious of a feeling of rebellion against his beloved budget system. Oh, of course, it was sensible, and the right thing to do and all that, and really she had done her best with it, but sometimes—like the present for instance—she almost hated its iron fixity.

Some three months before, when Page and Aileen had returned from their brief honeymoon trip and settled down in their tiny apartment, like a wise, young man of modern times, the first thing Page did was to take stock, as it were. The next thing was to make out a budget system—so much for running the apartment, so much for clothes, so much for pleasure and so much for a rainy day. And he made a law to be as adamant as any of the Medes and Persians, that one "so much" must not under any condition borrow from another "so much."

Just at first running the apartment was a problem, but Aileen being a determined little soul, soon mastered that. It was the pleasures that caused the trouble. Aileen was young and pleasure-loving by nature; she enjoyed going to the theatre and operas and even to the movies, and of course Page wished to humor her.

The first month did not matter so much; the second was rather worse but the third brought the storm. On a certain night of that month a famous continental singer was to appear in America for the first time in Aileen's favorite opera. She had never wanted to go anywhere so much in her life; and the more she thought about it, the more she wanted to go. And now Page in his firm young way had announced that it could not be done.

In the days that followed Aileen tried hard to hide her disappointment and succeeded so well that Page, who was absorbed in a difficult murder case, soon forgot all about it. Then one morning, the very day of the opera, when Aileen looked through the mail she found a letter addressed to herself with a typewriter. With some curiosity she tore it open and there, of wonder of wonders, were two opera-tickets! She overturned her chair and very nearly did the same to her cup of coffee in her eagerness to show them to Page. She was rosy and palpitating with delight, as she held them out for his inspection.

"Oh, Page, now we can go, now we can go!" she chanted, dancing round him like a sprite, the tickets held high in her hand. "I've always been wild to hear that woman sing—and now we can. Isn't it just too lovely?"

But somehow Page failed to enthuse. His legal mind was groping back behind the tickets for an explanation.

"Have you any idea who sent them?" he demanded, in what Aileen called his lawyer voice.

She came to a sudden standstill behind his chair and began to ruffle his hair.

"Why, no!" she said, but her color deepened as she spoke.

"Perhaps it was Aunt Constance."

Page pulled her around in front of him and sat her in his lap. She was such a little thing, just the size to cuddle up satisfactorily.

"Now, Aileen, don't you know your Aunt Constance wouldn't have done it that way?" he probed inexorably. "You know she would have presented them with a blare of trumpets and never let you or any one forget it for a moment afterwards."

Aileen laughed appreciatively and nodded her golden head.

"Thats Aunt Constance to the letter," she agreed. "Perhaps Bertha sent them."

"But I thought Bertha went to Washington."

"Oh, so she did! I had forgotten for the moment. But, Page, haven't you any friends who might have sent them?" she inquired hopefully.

"Certainly not! Why should they?"

He snapped out the words in a positive bitten-off way. Aileen tossed her head with a little pout.

"Then I don't know who sent them, I'm sure," she murmured, with affected indifference.

Page put a finger under her dimpled chin and tilted her face so he could look straight into her eyes.

"Haven't you thought of any one it might be?"

She flushed up to the roots of her hair, lowered her eyes and did not answer.

"Didn't Bob Stafford remember your birthday and send you some roses?" continued her inquisitor.

"There wasn't any card," she objected quickly.

"No, but Bertha knew, and told you."

Aileen got up petulantly.

"Oh, well, we don't know who sent the tickets; so we may as well go and enjoy ourselves," she exclaimed.

Page was due at the office and had to go.

"No!" he said with decision, as he rose to his feet. "We won't use those thickets. We will throw them in the waste-basket and stay at home. I guess we can live through it."

He was occupied in putting on his overcoat and getting his hat so he failed to see Aileen's expression.

"You don't really mean that; do you, Page?" she inquired a little breathlessly.

He turned on her suddenly.

"Where is your pride, Aileen?" he demanded. "After all that has taken place and all your Aunt Constance and your friends have said, would you have me take my wife to the opera at Mr. Stafford's expense?"

"But you don't know that he sent them," she demurred.

"Now, look here, Aileen! Answer me one straight question. Don't you honestly, deep down in your heart, believe that Mr. Stafford sent those tickets?"

Aileen did not reply. She gazed out of the window with a great show of indifference and even hummed a little air from the opera in question, but her face was quite pink. Page waited a moment, but still she said nothing.

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you answer me or not," he observed in his legal voice. "I'm very sorry I cannot afford to give you all the pleasure you crave, but I haven't sunk so low as to accept charity from your former suitor."

With that, Page departed in haste—and without kissing her "Good-by."

Now the difficulty about Page and Bob Staord was of long standing and somehow time hadn't helped matters as much as it should. It all dated back to the days when Aileen was Aileen Ainsworth and had ended her highly successful debutante year by marrying Page Clinton instead of Bob Stafford. To say that everybody in her set was surprised is putting it mildly. With few exceptions "the Set" heartily disapproved. Aileen was a winsome, attractive little thing, a beauty, in fact.

When she had made her debut, the papers had been eager for pictures of her; and her comings and goings and various successes had never lacked heralds. Of course, from the very first there had been dozens of lovers—even titled ones from abroad to all a piquant touch—but it had been a foregone conclusion that she would marry Bob Stafford.

Bob Stafford was young, handsome and a leader in "the Set"; he was a famous polo player and all-round athlete. Last but by no means least he was heir to millions. As for Page Clinton, well, very few people in New York knew that he even existed until the startling announcement of Aileen's engagement to him. "A rising, young lawyer" one notice said; and most of "the Set" judged from various circumstances connected with the affair that he had a long distance to rise before reaching the altitude that would warrant their noticing him. True, he had unusually good looks. And of course, he belonged to a "distinguished Southern family", but what of it? Those facts would not take him far in New York without accessories.

Aunt Constance had been furious. Aileen was an orphan and lived with her aunt who was duly chronicled in the society papers as Mrs. Devereux Davenport Duval. Aunt Constance had been self-instituted general-in-chief of Aileen's social campaign and she felt about this marriage much as Napoleon must have felt about Waterloo.

In spite of all this, however, the wedding had been a brilliant affair. Aunt Constance had seen to that. There had been innumerable valuable gifts, all fully described in the papers. But those same papers had all failed to make any mention of the fact that the little bride was supremely happy, and if they had, none of "the Set" would have believed it for a moment. For three blissful months everything had been happiness, sunshine and love. Then in the midst of it all came this unfortunate affair of the opera tickets.

After Page had stormed out on the morning that the tickets came, without kissing her good-by, Aileen was very miserable and cried for an hour. Then she got angry and, after she allowed her anger to rise, it became worse and worse. She simply refused to see the thing from Page's point of view. No, it was entirely too strained and far-fetched. Page was just selfish, as most men usually are. He did not care particularly for Grand Opera himself; so it didn't matter how she felt about it. She did not know—for sure—that Bob had sent the tickets. But suppose he had? Was that a crime? No, she was going to that opera and she was going on those tickets. Page could do as he pleased.

Now, if Page had only kissed her good-by, it would probably all have been different. But Page was young, too, and he was hurt; and he did not understand women then as well as he did at a later period.

The next thing Aileen did after she had thoroughly saturated herself with bad temper, was to telephone Mary Ross and invite her most cordially to go to the opera with her that night.

"It is impossible for Page to go," she assured Mary, "and I have two tickets and I thought you would enjoy going with me."

Mary was charmed. Such pleasures were rare in her life. She had been a schoolmate of Aileen's, but reverses to the family fortunes had thrown her outside the pale of "the Set" and Aileen had lost sight of her during the brilliant debutante year. Since her marriage, however, being outside the shining precincts also, she had been glad to renew her friendship with Mary.

Later, with an unworthy little touch of malice, Aileen called up Page, and requested him with extreme politeness please to be sure to be on time for dinner—he was never late—as she and Mary were going to the opera. It added fuel to the fire of her wrath, when he informed her coldly that he would be detained at the office on important business and would dine downtown.

It was their first quarrel and Aileen tried to convince herself that she was the injured party. This was the first time since their marriage that Page had failed to come home to dinner and she felt very much inclined to throw herself on the floor and kick her heels and scream, as she used to do when some years younger. Instead, she shut her lips, held her head high and presently, when she grew calmer, telephoned Mary to come to dinner and make a night of it.

The opera was a tremendous success. The famous singer scored a triumph. Altogether, it was an inspiring occasion and Mary was ecstatic. And by all the rules of the game Aileen should have been thoroughly pleased with herself. She looked lovely and she knew it. Her gown, a relic of her trousseau, was a shimmery, satiny thing, all green and blue and silver like the sea in the early morning. And in a box not far from her sat Bob Stafford, his melancholy gaze fixed on her instead of the stage. All of which was quite enough to cause her to register a fair-sized thrill. But it did nothing of the kind. Instead of the marvelous prima donna she could hear nothing but Page's voice, tender and adoring as it usually was, then curt and lawyer-like as it had been today. Look where she would she could see his clear-cut, young face, his black-lashed gray eyes and his dark hair with the refractory way it had of curling.

The lovers on the stage were singing their immortal duet; the passion and poignant sweetness of it filled Aileen's soul and drowned out the last bit of pride, anger, hurt vanity and all the ugly interlopers she had been harboring since noon. Her eyes filled with tears and she longed for nothing in the world so much as the touch of Page's hand. She wondered if he had gone homeyet. Would the thing never end? Did the creatures intend to stand there and screech the remainder of the night? Had Bob Stafford lost all the sense he ever had? She was sorry she had taken his old opera-tickets. She did not like operas anyhow. She could not imagine for the life of her why she had been so eager to come. She was quite sure now that there was nothing on earth that she really did want to do but to get home and tell Page what a little beast she had been and how sorry she was—if he would only forgive her this time. Then she remembered with a sinking heart that she had invited Mary to spend the night with her. And Mary was having the time of her life. She was enjoying herself so thoroughly that she scarcely noticed Aileen's restlessness or how she hustled home after the opera was over.

Aileen could see from a distance that the apartment windows were brightly lighted. Evidently Page was there ahead of them. Her heart began to beat suffocatingly and her hands grew cold and shaky. She felt like a naughty, little girl detected unexpectedly in her naughtiness. Everything seemed to conspire to delay her, even the elevator ascended with provoking deliberation. But finally, after breathless suspense she reached the apartment and flung open the door.

A glance showed that the living-room was empty; so they hurried to the dining-room, and there stood Page in the middle of the floor by the table. He held something like a letter in his hand and his face wore a peculiar expression. He did not speak but just looked at Aileen. She stood still in the doorway with Mary peeping over shoulder; she glanced first at Page and then around the room.

"Oh, Page!" she gasped in dismay.

The room was a wreck. All her silver, her beautiful wedding silver was gone to the last piece. Her hands went up involuntarily to her throat as she touched her pearls. Her jewels! She ran through the room, across the hall to her bedroom beyond. Page followed her more slowly and Mary trailed behind. The confusion here was even worse. The drawers to her chiffonier and dressing table had been pulled open and the contents scattered over the bed and floor.

"Burglars!" she whispered.

Page laughed, an odd, embarrassed laugh.

"They kindly left a note which explains several things," he said, handing her the slip of paper he had been holding.

She took it curiously and read, written in clear writing of some character:

"We are indebted to the society editors for the account of your valuable wedding gifts. You are indebted to us for the opera-tickets. We hope you found the evening and enjoyable one—and profitable, as we did."

That was all. There was no name. Aileen read it again then slowly let it drift to the floor.

"Page!" she cried uncertainly.

His eyes met hers with their old expression of adoring tenderness and his arms were outstretched. Aileen went into them and hid her face against his coat before she burst into tears. They forgot all about Mary.

—oOo—

Miss Dorothy Quinn and Miss O. Lane from Edmonton, spent the holidays with Miss Lane's parents.

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Try DUTCH APPLE CAKE for dessert
Cream ¼ c. butter with ½ c. sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Add this with ¼ c. milk to 1½ c. Royal Yeast Sponge*. Make into soft dough with 3½ c. flour and ½ tsp. salt. Knead lightly. Put in greased bowl in warm place until double in bulk (about 1½ hrs.). Roll out ½ inch thick. Cover bottom and sides of round shallow cake tin with the dough. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Cut three apples into slices. Press into dough, standing on edge in circular rows. Sprinkle with cinnamon and raisins and put a few pieces of butter on top. Let rise for ½ hr. Bake at 400 degrees about 25 mins. Keep pan covered first 15 mins. until apples are tender. Remove cover and brown. Makes 2 cakes.

*ROYAL YEAST SPONGE: Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in ½ pt. lukewarm water for 15 mins. Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in ½ pt. milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 qt. bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

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Monarch Meat Market

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Sunburst Motor Coaches

New Daily Schedule

between

Wainwright and Edmonton

Commencing

Sunday, October 1st, 1933

Bus leaves Wainwright Hotel at 6:45 a.m.; arrives in Edmonton 12:15 noon. Leaves Edmonton 5 p.m.; arrives in Wainwright 10:30 p.m. Week-end excursion rates.

For Information Phone Wainwright Hotel

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Phone 57 & 93 Agent Atlas Lbr. Co. Ltd.

Mrs. O. R. Hannah has been visiting in Edmonton the past week.

* * *

Mr. C. Wittmann and Mr. Andrews, of the Bank of Montreal staff at Viking, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wittmann.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Clark motored to Hanna, Alta., to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. G. Siddall.

* * *

Wm. Tansley, who was injured on Hallowe'en night, is now out of the hospital but is unable to attend to his duties on the railroad yet.

* * *

Mr. John Dorsey, of Viking, spent the holidays visiting friends in Wainwright.

* * *

—Don't forget the Children's Welfare Concert and Dance on December 11th at Elite Theatre.

* * *

Mrs. Philip Perras, who has been in Edmonton, returned last week much improved in health.

* * *

Mr. Frank Hines, of Hughenden, has taken over the Rawleigh Agency for this district and will move here shortly.

* * *

The O.K. Cartage Co., of Edmonton, who are moving drilling equipment to Two Hills, are marooned here with a heavy load of machinery until the roads freeze up.

* * *

Although the wind storm on Saturday night blew freight cars off the track, blew down miles of telephone poles, and did much damage at other points, Wainwright escaped very luckily and about all the damage that we have heard of is that it moved Harry Clipston's garage a few feet closer to his house, and caused a fire scare at Alf Chesterman's which was put out by the time the Department arrived there.

* * *

—The Wainwright Band is again sponsoring its Annual Children's Welfare Programme—December 11th.

* * *

Mr. Davison, Manager of the Western Savings and Loan Co., is spending a few days in Wainwright.

* * *

*** Cheaper than burning wood—North Star Lump Coal. $4.00 per ton at the Atlas Lumber Yard.

* * *

Mr. P. D. Laird luckily escaped serious injuries when he had the misfortune of falling on the slippery roads. His right arm was hurt, and he has it in a sling. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *

Mrs. W. O'Callaghan left Monday night for Saskatoon for a visit.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. O. Croteau were visitors to Edmonton last week.

ComingEvents

The Adeline Rebekah Lodge are holding a Card Party and Dance in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Friday, December 15th. Just turkeys and chickens as prizes.

The Presbyterian Church Sunday School are holding a Christmas tree and concert on Wednesday, December 20th., in the I.O.O.F. Hall.

The W.A. of St. Thomas Anglican Church are holding their Semi-Annual Bazaar and Sale of Homecooking in the Oddfellow Hall on Saturday, November 25th., from 3 to 6 P.M. Afternoon tea will be served. Fish Pond and Merry Tea. 15-22-11c

Auction Sales

J. W. Stuart, auctioneer, announces the following important Auction Sales:

Wednesday, Nov. 15.—Sale of 20 Head of Horses, on Section 2-45-7, w4, 2½ miles West of Wainwright; N. Beaupre, owner. See posters for list.

Saturday, Nov. 18.—Sale of Household effects, etc., of the late G. A. Harper, Wainwright. See posters for list.

Friday, Nov. 17.—Sale of Horses, Cattle, Household Effects, and miscellaneous articles, on Section 31-45-6, w4, 5 miles north of Wainwright; Mrs. Lillian Moore, owner. See posters for list.

A Short Story

The Lover Soliloquizes

From under the sheltering trees of the lane he came into open country. The June sunshine lay on a broad landscape of fields and woods, flecked with the shadows of passing clouds. Larks were springing into the air and from every side came the trills of an innumberable company of feathered songsters. The fragrance of wayside flowers was strong.

To this world of beauty the young man stretched out his arms as if he would embrace it. Never before had he enjoyed its loveliness so keenly. His happiness of creation overflowed. He felt that he loved every blade of grass. Now, he could understand why St. Francis called the sun his brother and the birds his sisters. It was strange how intimately his, this familiar scene, had become.

Of course he knew the reason: a woman's love had changed for him the whole aspect of the world. That required no long process of discovery on his part; he knew it with every fibre of his being and it gave him a sense of immeasurable wealth. He did not know which was stronger this consciousness of possessing all that was most desirable or the impulse to pour out his soul in unstinted service at her feet. He wanted to prostrate himself in the dust before her, and at the same time he wanted to pick her up and carry her, and go laughing through the world.

What a Secret that was which they had discovered and now shared! They were partners in their knowledge of life's true beatitude; in the mystery of love's give-and-take they had found the meaning of existence. He looked back at the barren loneliness, the peevish moods and harsh self-centeredness of the past with wonder. Could it be that it was that same man who, a little while before, had been so preoccupied with his own small concerns who now radiated a generous, all-embracing hospitality? He knew that she shared his exaltation. The face that she had turned up to him when he bent to her lips had been a revelation. An inner light had broken through the veil of flesh, deluging her features with an intimate apocalypse that it made him dizzy to recall. Yes, she felt, she knew all that he felt and knew. He was loved even as he had loved. They stood together on an isolated peak of human experience—twin recipients of an endowment that lifted them from the common earth and seated them on thrones.

He was climbing on a slight hill now and stopped to lean on a gate. In a fold of the hills visible from where he stood was a village. A church spire rose from the huddled dwellings, and the soft smoke of cottage chimneys. The sight of human habitations brought to mind the world of men and women. He had almost forgotten the existence of others than himself and the Woman, but now his thoughts wandered abroad among the scattered families on the earth.

They could not keep This Thing to themselves—he and she. It would be their function to toss a new joy among their fellows. They would march, singing and laughing, along the roads of sorrow and poverty. Their coming would be like the rising of the sun. Theirs would be an apostolate of love. Glum faces would brighten, dull hearts grow gay at their approach. The world should join in the chorus of their hearts' duet. Surely none would be able to resist the contagion of their infectious happiness. More than that, they would build up a little world of their own with in the world, to be a nucleus of holy love. His heart beat faster as he thought of that childish kingdom which one day he and she might govern. Many a spiritual genius had set up a society animated by the ideals of its founder and existing for their dissemination, but he and she would create a society of their own flesh and blood, and that society, gathered around the family hearth, would be both a witness to their love and the means of imparting it to others. The fellowship upon which they had entered was for all to enter. They must carry on, he repeated to himself, an apostolate of love. He turned from the view at which he had been gazing and pursued his way.

Was not that, he reflected, the purpose of every true marriage? Marriage had been looked on in too narrow and domestic a fashion. People spoke of it as though it concened only the husband and wife and their children, but it was one of social importance. Every happily wedded couple was an outpost of the invading forces of heavenly charity. They were there to keep at bay the encroaching Mammonism and sensualism that threatened civilization. It was they who kept the atmosphere pure and fresh.

His heart warmed as he thought of this militant partnership on behalf of the Lord of Love Whom they served. It magnified the significance of their union. It united them by a bond far more sacred than that of their individual happiness, and gave them something to live for beyond themselves. A new sense of loyalty to the woman who was to help him him build up this new world possessed him. They were comrades as well as lovers—comrades in the greatest of all crusades, and that comradeship would deepen and strengthen their affection for one another. A flaming enthusiasm for the Cause in which they were embarking lit up his whole being. He seemed to be walking on air.

Arrived at the top of the little eminence toward which he had been climbing, an extended view met his eyes. In the valley beneath lay the town he knew so well. There was not a factory chimney he could not identify. How plainly the City Hall stood out! And there was the railroad depot! In a little while he would be mingling with the crowds in those streets, looking in at store windows, listening to the clatter of trolleys and the slithering rush of autos. The thought chilled for a moment the ardor of his dreams. The vision he had conjured up was more easily seen on this hill-top than it would be down there. He wondered whether indeed it would survive the contamination of city life.

And then there reached him from those crowded buildings, rolling up to him from the outstretched streets below, a sickening sense of the strength of the Enemy who was entrenched yonder. He knew the manner of men who dwelt there. Even from where he stood he could see that quarter of the town which nightly resounded, as he was are, with the curses of drunken men and the shrieks of women. Not that these things were worse, perhaps, than the over-heated artificial life of the luxurious dwellers whose palatial residences he could also see. What petty social ambitions were cloaked under those seemly exteriors! How small-minded and ungenerous was the temper, in many cases, of the privileged residents of that quarter! He thought of the vulgar display he had witnessed and the ignoble struggle for commercial success that looked to such display as its reward. Again, he remembered the stories he had heard of domestic infelicities and infidelities sheltering themselves in those mansions, and the gaudy theatres ad picture-houses that fanned the flames of sensuality. As though that was not enough, there visited him the memory of the herds he had watched pouring into or out of those grim factories—boys and girls, old men and women condemned to days of mechanical labor and nights of stale, unwholesome pleasures. What hope could there be from these slaves of industry?

Like the light gossamer of dew-sprinkled cob-webs, his vision shivered in the blast of disillusioning thought, and he saw his dream trampled under muddy, unheeding feet. The idea of conquering such a world by the sheer beauty and joy of their mutual love seemed now like some mocking fantasy. It must be enough for them—he thought—to enjoy their own beatitude, content with a sheltering privacy that might at least prevent the flame of their affection being blown out by the rough winds of vulgarity.

And then at a turn of the road, he saw her—waiting. She ran toward him with outstretched hands and sought shelter in his arms. So fragile she seemed he dared not press her to himself, as he desired but, after the first embrace, held her from him that he might look into her eyes. Then they turned, retracing the way.

As they wended their way back, he told her of what had been in his mind, of the glorious vision of their life together and of its over-shadowing. And she listened with glowing cheek, responding every now and again with a pressure of the hand she

(Continued next week)

—Children's Welfare Programme Programme—December 11th.

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